

carnivera

<<Tasteless!>> shouted the bare-mouth grandma snapping out of her hypnotic drooling. obsessed with her grandson's silky dark skin threatening the hegemony of her bleached genes, she often mistook her bitter saliva for the devil's attempt to poison her soup. and when the boy-turned-man laughed out loud as granny's dentures stood embedded in the thigh of his freshly amputated leg waved in the air by the albino rapist, prophecy was finally served.

by Daniel Ortellado



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